

De La Soul Lyrics

"D.A.I.S.Y. AGE"

(Woah. Stay, stay, stay)
(Daisy! Daisy!)
(I love daisies, I love daisies,
I love pushing up your favourite daisies)
(Daisy!)
(This is Posdnuos, the president of a paragraph)

[POS:]
Paragraph
President
President preaching 'bout the on-tech,
Known for the new step,
Stop and take a bow

Amityville
Resident
Resident supported by the speaker view
Want to feel it in your shoe
Let me show you how

Platform
Witnesses
Witnesses, show you to my show-lab
Fill you with my vocab
Hope you have a spoon

Discuss
Contracts
You like the way I vocalise
And bring it to a compromise
My P.A. won't set up till noon
It's a DAISY age

Sun
Ceiling
Ceiling connects to the sun
Burning inside everyone
On a side, plug-a-fied sire

One
Million
Demonstrations have been heard
My hair burns when I'm referred
Kid shouts my roof is on fire

Go
Dancing

Dancing like a bandit
Psychics try to stand it
Keep it up until they burn a cell

Romancing
Romancing dialect in shows
Posdnuos creating flow
You say you didn't know
Oh well, it's a DAISY age

[DOVE:]
Pedal
Promenade
Promenade people to the providence
Dove will show dominance
Inside of every phrase

Rebel
Renegade
Renegade reaching only topflight
Can't find your new height
Think you need a raise

Dialect
Ultimate
Ultimate strings from the soul stuff
Copies always staying rough
Before they go to plate

Try a pack
It'll stick
Stick to you but won't deflate
Keeping all the levels straight
I tell you, mate, that we're top rate
'Cause it's a DAISY age

The speak
Motor
Motor is the heart beat
Sleeping in your car seat
Kept alive to every mile discovered

Complete
Quota
Quota sharp at 12 noon
Risen to a new tune
Positive is greater than negative

Image
Mirror
Mirror image don't contend
Vocals should be comprehended
Silver audience'll say what's said

Scrimmage
Nearer
Nearer to the goal line
Forget about the rose vine
The Soul will let you know it's time
And it's a DAISY age

(La la la la, lah)
(This is a DAISY age)

(Sing about, sing about the DAISY age)
(Let it rain, let it rain, rain on a DAISY)
(Rain on, rain on)

[Al Watts:] Now it's the end of the show. Contestants, do you have any answers?

[Contestants:] (Clueless babble, including 'Nah,' 'I dunno,' 'Mama')

[Al Watts:] For those of you who think your answers are correct,
Don, tell them where to send the answers to.

[Don:] Thanks, Al. For all you listeners at home who think you have the right answers, jot 'em down on a four by ten sheet of paper, and get two proof of purchases from the back of the album, and send them to Tommy Boy records in care of Dante the Scrubb, 1747 First Avenue, New York, New York, 10128. For those who have all four answers correct, you will receive a specially selected grand prize. Thanks and goodnight, for Three Feet High and Rising, this is Don Newkirk.